A HANDKERCHER FOR PARENTS WET EYES, VPON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

A Consolatory Letter to a Friend.

LONDON,
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To the Reader that is, or may be exerciſed with this kinde of Croſſe.

GEntle Reader, *I did not thinke that euer* any Lines *of mine ſhould haue looke in at a* Printing-houſe. *My* Conceit *is not wont to be in the* Eaning Moode, *as knowing that with* Iacobs *Ewes, it ſhould bring forth but* ſpotted *and* ſtraked Lambes.

Yet now at the inſtance of a Payre *of worthy* Friends, *that had equally drunke of this* Cup of Sorrow, *I haue yeelded to put the* Preſſe *to a ſhort* affliction; *and to communicate to* All, *what was firſt intended for the comfort of* One.

I might haue ſate ſtill, with the finger on the lip, *amidſt thoſe ſage and faithfull* Counſellors *and* Companions (*Good Bookes*) *or* haue ſung to my ſelfe, and the *Muſes* onely; *or to a well-knowne Friend, or Two, with whom euery Thing ſhould haue recein'd a fauourable interpretation: But for thy ſake, that I might not bee* vncharita-

ble.

To the Reader.

ble, I *am faine to be* imprudent, *in aduenturing to trench thus neere vpon the Worlds* tuchy Censure.

I may hap by this meanes, to bee carried shortly into the Street, *where they sell* Frankincense, *and* Sweet Pouders, *and* Pepper, *and such Things as they vse to cloathe in* weake *and* worthlesse Papers. *No matter. It was not to my* Pen *any* Herculean Labour; *nor to* My selfe *in the writing altogether* ingratefull.

And if in the vast Peregrination *of* Books, *it may please God, that but one* dejected heart *may by any good word in It, be a little lifted vp; or* Passion *hush't, and calmed; or* flowing Eye *dryed; or* sorrow *made happy, by being transverted to a righter* Obiect; *or any (yet entirely enioying the faire* Blessings *of* Marriage) *forearmed against a future storme, if God see good to send it; I shall hold my selfe abundantly rewarded from Heauen in that one* Booke, *or* Page, *or* Passage, *or* Line, *though all the rest of these Leaues perish.*

I *haue onely* dipt the Tip of my finger *in Comfort for thee; The God of all* Consolation *can giue thee the fulnesse of it; which is His wish to Thee, that wisheth Ill to None.*

I. C.

To my worthy Friend Master I. R.

SIr, I know you doe now feele what it is to bee a Father; and therefore to barre you altogether from lamenting & sorrowing in such an Accident as this [*The death of your beloued Sonne*] were as vnreasonable, as to chide a *Man*, for shewing himselfe sensible, when a Tooth is drawne, or a Leg or an Arme is sawd off from his body. For if I should perswade you that these may

bee taken from you without feeling, or paine, you would ſay, I plaid the *Mountebanke*.

For mine owne part, I was at the firſt vnlookt for word of [*Dead*] like *Niobe, Lapideus factus*, Cold at the heart; and hauing recollected my ſelfe, found I was a ſharer in your loſſe, and could not temper mine Eyes from running ouer as for a Kinſman of mine own. (For why ſhould not I haue an intereſt, nay a kind of affinity with *His Sonne*, who vouchſafed to bee ſo kind a nouriſher of *My Daughter?*)

Had you loſt him newborne, and but ſaluting the world;

Iuuen. Sat. 7. ——*Primes ineipientem*
Edere vagitus, & adhuc à matre rubentem;

First

First squayling Cryes from Infant Throte outstrayning,
And from his Mother, yet the Redde retayning;

Or a Youngling first bestriding his Hobby-horse, or driuing his Top, or new learning the way to *Schoole*; the parting had not beene so bitter. We doe somewhat easily shake hands with greene and slight Acquaintances.

But he was *Solidus Adolescens*, *A growne Man*, arriued halfe way to the *Solstice of his Age*; *Strong, active, well shaped, well-graced, faire-demeanored, studious*, of an honest and vertuous disposition, yeelding not onely the blossomes, but the fruits of a good education.

Graue, with the first appearing *Downe vpon his Chinne*, yet without any grimmesse or

lowreneſſe of manners.

His by-ſtudies and delights manly and generous, ſeruing either to enable him for the ſeruice of his Prince & Country; As the exerciſe of *Armes* and *Hardiment*.

Hor. ad Lol. Epiſt. 19. l. 1.

——*Adde virilia, quod ſpecioſius*
Arma,
Non eſt qui tractet.

His manly Armes none beares with better grace.

Or by imparting their delight to others, to make the Vſer thereof welcome. As Muſicke, Dancing, Hiſtory, Faire-writing, &c.

To his God he was religious and deuout, early remembring his Creator, wearing the Threſhold of his Houſe, & ſitting attentiue at the feete of his Miniſters.

To his Father and Mother obſer-

obſeruant and dutifull; To his Kinred louing; To his Elders reuerent; To his Equals facile and ſociable; To All courteous and pleaſing; Which turnd Mens eyes and regards vpon him, and made him accepted and deſired, both of one and other.

And for the maine Studie, whereunto hee had addicted himſelfe, he was by your conduct & trayning ſo good a proficient therein, for notion and vnderſtanding of the paſſages, if not for dexterity of Acting (which is acquired by Time and vſe) that he was in a manner fitted and prepared to haue put his ſhoulders vnder your burthen, and by inheriting at once both your place and toyles, to haue giuen your yeeres at length their deſer-

ued *Vacation.*

Iob 14. But *Man that is borne of a Woman, hath but a ſhort time to liue. He commeth vp like a Flower, and is cropt off. He is plucke from the Stalke as an vnripe Grape; and ſhaken downe as the winde ſhaketh downe the Oliue bloſſomes.*

I know, you are not Stoicall, without affections;

Perſ. —*Nec enim tibi cornea fibra eſt.*

Your heart-ſtrings are not ſo tough and horny.

Nemo virtus facile ſolui in lachrymas. * Chaucer. I haue noted your eyes ſometimes to ſtand great with teares at others woes, * *for pitty renneth ſoone in Gentle heart.* And therefore I blame you not to melt, yea, to ake, and be ſore of ſuch a wound and mayme as this. This is not a flea-bite, or a ſcratch with a pinne; nor a forraigne hurt a great way diſtant, but *Domeſtike*

meſtike and *Concerning*.

If *David* thought his ſorrow iuſtifiable for his Sonne that was a *Rebell*, and almoſt a *Parriside*; your ſorrow cannot but be iuſt for ſo towardly, ſo deare, ſo precious a Sonne: A right *Beniamin*, the Sonne of your Right hand, the Staffe and Prop of your old Age.

Ægritudinem doloremq; animi moderatiũ improbari non oportet. One muſt not be ſhent for moderate ſorrow and *griefe of minde*.

But yet you muſt take heed of making your Griefe vniuſt, by exceeding a iuſt and regular meaſure in it. As we muſt not be *doloris expertes*, indolent and void of *ſorrow*, for that's *inhumane*: So neither may we be *peraltè dolentes*, immeaſurable, obſtinate, deſperate

grieuers, for that's *vn-christi-an.*

Strangulat inclusus dolor atq; cor æstuat intus, Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.

It must not be stopt too soone; for then the *Teares turne backe to drowne the heart. Iobs* Friends said not a word to him for the first seuen daies, but let passiō haue his course, and tire it selfe, themselues sitting sad and silent by him.

But on the other side, you must not stay it too long; for then it playes the Tyrant, and kilies and slayes without mercy. *Worldly sorrow causeth death* and disease.

2 Cor. 7.

It's like a foraigne power call'd in, to the Ayde of a distressed Kingdome, which cannot be got out againe, but proues a worse enemy then that it came to expell.

You haue already plaid the part of a louing Father, wept the

the Teares of Nature; you muſt now change your Copy, withdraw your finger from the ſore, and play the part of a wiſe and conſtant man: And that is, either to preuent a miſchiefe when it is approching; or if it happen, to amend it, and labour to make it as little as may be: According to the old precept, *Bona quàm maxima facere, mala contrahere atque imminuere.* Extend and inlarge any Good to the vtmoſt, but contract and diminiſh (what you can) the euill.

Hebetant Rationis aciem miſeriæ.

But becauſe generally all ſuccours faile vs in aduerſity; paſſion ſending vp ſuch Fogs, that the vnderſtanding is blinded, (though we haue beene (in our owne wel-faring) neuer ſo able to miniſter words of comfort to others in *their*

Omnes in monendo ſapientes ſumus, ubi autẽ ipſi aliquid faximus, nõ intelligimus. Eruipid.

distresses) giue me leaue at this Time, to take you by the hand, and onely to set you in the way to the doore of *Consolation.*

Multa etiam ab Olitore, rectè atque in loco proferri possunt.

Eu'n an Herb-wife sometimes may
Things right, and to the purpose say.

CONSIDERATION. I.

1 FIrst, call to your remembrance that great Statute, *That all must once dye.* And that
Heb. 9.27 doome for sinne, *Dust thou art,*
Gen. 3. *and into Dust thou shalt returne.*

Omnibus una manet nox,
Hor. *Et calcanda semel via lethi.*

One darksome night awaits each

each liuing wight,
And Deaths high-way muſt
once be trod (deſpight.)

Naſcimur, & morimur, is euery ones Motto; *Wee are all borne mortall.*

What marueil to ſee that cut aſunder which may bee cut aſunder? That melted which is fuſible and apt to melt? That burnt which is combuſtible? The Sonne die as well as the Father, being borne vnder the ſame Condition of Mortality, that the Father was?

All vnions in this world muſt be diſſolued: Fathers and Children muſt bee ſeuered; Friends & Friends, Husbands & Wiues, as they had a *Time* to come together, ſo they muſt haue a *Time* to part aſunder.

Sic Natura poſtulat, nec graue

putan-

putandum, fieri quod neceſſe eſt.
So Nature craues, nor thinke it much to ſee,
The Thing ſo done, that needs ſo done muſt be.

CONSIDERATION. 2.

SEcondly, conſider that it is the caſe of others with you. If you had beene the firſt, or onely Father that had loſt a Sonne, and no other had drunk of this *Cup* before you; then you had ſome Colour to complaine, and to continue and ſpin out your laments. But *the worme is ſpred euen vnder Royall Branches; Kings and Princes are deprined of their Children*, as well as meaner men; yea thoſe *Children, that ſhould keepe their King-*

Kingdome from ſtaggering.

Hiſtories are full of inſtances; Whence you (that are ſo conuerſant in thoſe readings) can eaſily ſtore your ſelfe; let it bee inough for me to reach you onely three or foure familiar Ones, within the reach & ken of our owne memory.

That Noble Lord of the North loſt three of his Sonnes, *In florentiſſima ætate*, in the very bloome of youth, and luſtihood: One, before his aged Eyes, by the ruggedneſſe of an vnbroken Horſe; and Two together out of a Boate paſſing ouer a rough Ferry.

You know, but a little ſince, A worthy Knight of our Country loſt one of his Sons, a luſty yong Gentleman, in our owne Riuer, his Horſe leaping with his Rider, plum ouer the Boates ſide.

A Noble Gentlewoman, our neighbour, after the losse of a deare and excellent Husband, lost in the Circle of a few yeeres, sixe of her Children, all growne Men and Women, three faire Daughters, and three braue Sonnes; the yongest in a Tempest of Bullets, at the assault of an vnfortunate Iland.

The *Prince Palatines* losse of his First-borne Sonne, by the vnlucky running of a Ship with full saile ouer his Barge, is fresh in all minds.

Perishing by misfortune is a greater Cut, then leauing the world by Gods Visitation. So that your case being common with others, and more easie then diuers others, That may stifle some sighs, and calme a many repining complaints.

Inter

Inter arma & lituos, conditionis aequatio leuiora facit pericula. Euen among weapons and ſounding Trumpets, the equality of Condition makes the danger lighter, and leſſe ſenſible. *Am. Marc. lib. 26. c. 13.*

Who reckes his life, or dreads death, when in the whirle and Din of warre, hee ſeeth not onely his fellow-Soldiers knockt downe beſide him, but a many valiant yong Nobles, reſolute and hardy Knights, and Commanders, that erewhile cleft the crowdes, and hewed themſelues a way thorow the thickeſt Rankes of the Enemy, fallen to ground alſo, and lying breathles among Thouſands of other dead bodies?

What a *Rowe* might bee preſented of weeping Fathers and

and Mothers for their Sonnes. accompliſht (at their no ſmall charge) with learning and breeding, ſodainely hurried out of the world vpó a Sword or Rapiers point, in deſperate quarrels, or Challenges and Duells, within the compaſſe of halfe Your Time?

Age, deſine; intuenſque aliorum miſerias,
Tua lenies feres.
Goe to, giue ouer, and by view
Of others Griefes, your owne ſubdue.

CONSIDERATION. 3.

THirdly, the impoſſibility of recouering your loſſe. *Optimum eſt obliniſci, quod recuperari non poteſt.*

Prorſus nō ſunt tentāda impoſſibilia. Sopho.

The

The beſt ſalue for an irrecouerable loſſe, is *Oblivion.*

Non placet iſtud factum, ſi poſſem mutare; nunc cum non queo, æquo animo fero. This fact likes me not, if I knew how to helpe it; now that I cannot, what remedy but *patience?* *Terent. Adelph. Act. 4. S. 8.*

If your Sonne were to bee bought and brought to life againe at a ſet price of ſorrow, I beleeue, you would bid frankly for him. But, *The Graue returnes no Men. You ſhall goe to him, he ſhall not come againe to you.*

And therefore to ſit day by day with folded armes, and dropping eyes, & a heart heauy as lead, for the Loſſe cannot poſſibly be regayned; as it is vnprofitable to the bemoaned, ſo 'tis a hurt to the bemoaner; yea of one harme to make

make Two. Nay it is to reſiſt the high and heauenly Will, and to bee found Striuers againſt God: In which number, I know, you would be loth to be ranked. *You haue not ſo learned Chriſt.*

CONSIDERATION. 4.

FOurthly, Time it ſelfe may miniſter ſome Phyſicke to your Affliction. A Priſoners Irons ſeeme not ſo heauy to him the ſecond day, as the firſt. No griefe hath ſo much violence in the continuation, as in the firſt Acceſſe.

Take the ſimpleſt *Country-Mother*, the weakeſt *Nurſe of a Village*, that wrings her hands, and teares her haire, & laues

laues the Ground (on which ſhe wallowes) with eye-water, and takes on neuer ſo impotently for her departed Child; and the ſpace of a few dayes will ſlake the rage of her ſorrow, and anon bury it in vtter forgetfulneſſe.

That which *Time* worketh in the ignorant, ſhall not *Time* and *Reaſon* together effect as eaſily in the wiſe?

CONSIDERATION 5.

FIftly, But you will ſay, your Son might haue liu'd longer. And hee might as well haue dyed ſooner. Who can ſhew me a Leaſe of his life vnder Seale for one houre? Why may not euery day proue our laſt day? Some

Some are ſuffocated in the wombe; others crowz'd to death in the Birth. One is ſnatcht away in the Cradle: Another mow'd off in his *May* of youth; being onely ſhewne to the world like a curious picture finiſht, and ſtraight the Curtaine drawne and remou'd away againe. Its the priuiledge but of few, to ſtep down vpon the Griece of Old Age. Our life, from the firſt houre to the laſt, gallops on towards death: And who ſeeth not, with what ſpeed it conquers euen the longeſt way in this iourney?

If Time then be the thing you ſtand on for your Sonne, how ſmall a matter of Oddes is a little more or leſſe Time in ſo fugitiue and ſwift a *Race*? It's ſcarce diſcernable.

A Cart full of Priſoners are brought to execution; what skills it which is firſt, or third, or ſixt, or tenth, or ſixteenth? All muſt dye. What gets hee that is delayed till the afternoone, aboue him that was executed in the morning? Perhaps to be ſuperafflicted with longer expectance and pre-apprehenſion; ſighing that his turne had not beene with the formoſt.

(But the Priſoner may not appoint his owne courſe, that is in the Iudge or the Sheriffe to diſpoſe of.)

The whole world is but a Cart of condemned perſons: God culls out euery day ſome and ſome for Execution.

This very Minute a Slaue dyes, foredone with toyle and hardſhip. Inſtantly, a King or great

great Lord mounts the Scaffold. By and by a Mechanick, a Rusticke, a Pesant, a Milkmaid, a Cow-heard, a Schoole-boy, or Girle, suffer.

Straight after, a Royall Lady or Princesse stoopes her faire Neck to the Blocke.

Anon, a fresh, louely, actiue, vigorous Youth, a beauteous young Damsell (Ornaments to the world) are presented to the Axe.

Behold now, a feeble old man is led vp, hauing scarce life inough left, to be kild, &c.

The oldest of these hath not liu'd a minute ouer his Time, nor the youngest a minute vnder: for neither might the one budge any sooner without *summons & order*; nor the other tarry any longer, being call'd away. But you will say, He had

had no cauſe to complaine, that was reſpited to *Old Age*, which brings with it a ſaciety of liuing. Nor You, by the ſame reaſon. For when God hath decreed, I ſhall liue no longer, This (fall it when it will) is my *Old Age*.

Wee are not Caruers of our owne Times. Hee onely that predeſtinated the houre of our Birth from all Eternity, hath power to decree the houre of our Death.

You neither could cauſe your Child to bee borne ſooner, or to dye later. Times Maker knowes the fitteſt Times for all his purpoſes.

He hath not appointed all to liue the ſame terme of yeeres. Some goe before, ſome after. But firſt or laſt, all arriue at the ſame marke.

Serius aut citius, metam properamus ad vnam. Ouid.

The

The Husbandman reapes not all his Akers at once, but one sooner, another later, as they are sooner or later ripe. Let God alone, hee knowes (better then any Farmer) the number and condition of his Akers, & where he findes one forward, turn'd white betimes, (though but the other day greene, and in the blade) there he puts in his Sickle, and carries it into the Heauenly Barne: *A Place of safety.*

Which with longer standing might haue spilt & shed, or beene wansled, and come to nothing.

Long lasting, euen to the frostiest old Age is not the matter, for there may bee a Child of a hundred yeeres old, that yet is not ready for Heauen.

Puer centum annorum. Esa. 65.

God

God hath reſerued to himſelfe alone, the ſight of the running out of the Glaſſe. *Man knoweth not his Time and End:* but vnperceiuingly ſlides into it, *as the Fiſh into the Net, or the Bird into the Snare*, God puſhing on meanes, to vs vndreamt of, and vnſuſpected, to ſerue his Decree.

It is with men in the world, as with the Veſſels in a Potters Shop. There are of all ſorts, ſizes, and faſhions. That which to day is whole, & handſome, and vſefull: to morrow, with a knocke, or a fall, may bee broken to ſheards. Your Veſſell was ſheene and new, of a firme making, likely to haue laſted many a faire yeere, euen till it had flawed and mouldred away of it ſelfe; but it ſtood in harmes-way, diſeaſe

and ſickneſſe gaue it a knocke, and a cracke, which could not bee ſoldred. And indeed, the fleekeſt, the ſweeteſt, the trimmeſt *Diſh of China*, is but a *China Diſh*; handle it, or ſet it vp as charily as you can deuiſe.

Wee would haue our Candle burne downe into the ſocket; but God hath a wind to blow it out, ſometimes as ſoone as lighted; or a Thiefe to conſume it with guttering, ere any Eye heed it. Few of our liuing-Candles (not one amongſt a Thouſand) laſt burning to the laſt Inch.

Hee that numbreth all our Times and houres, hath numbred your Sonnes alſo, and ſet him his day, beyond which he could not paſſe.

Honour him with free yeelding

yeelding this preeminence to him, and let it ſtop your mouth, and ſtoope your heart. *I held my peace, becauſe thou didſt it. It is the Lord, let him doe whatſoeuer he pleaſeth. He giueth, he taketh, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.* Pſal. 1. Sam. Iob.

But he doth nothing but for the beſt to them that loue him. Many times Life is not ſo much taken away, as Death giuen for a ſpeciall Fauour. *Iuſt and Mercifull men are taken away from the Euils to come.* Eſay. How many times ouer, haue ſome dyed, by liuing long?

Righteous *Abel*, the ſecond Sonne of the ſole Emperour of the whole Earth, was cut off in his *Youth*. The Eternall Son of God himſelfe died a young Man.

Our Eſtimate of Life is

wrong, and falſe; quite odde and different from Gods. We meaſure it like *Cannas*, by the *Ell*; God like *Gold*, by the *Graine*. Our Examen is by the *Tale*, ſo many *Scores*; Gods by the *Touch*, ſo vertuous, ſo exemplary, of ſuch an *Allay*.

Now, God hauing thus qualified Your Sonne with Grace, made him early ready for Heauen; hee had attain'd his due, and true Seniority, and could not complaine that hee lackt Time, or had liu'd too little while.

Mt. B. Hol. in Tranſlat. of Perſ. *Action, not Time, does number Age.*

The Heathens haue noted it for a bleſſing, to dye young.

Petronid. *Ætate prima moriuntur, quem dij diligunt.*

Early

Early to dye it him behoou'd,
Whom gods aboue ſo dearely
lou'd. *And againe:*

——— *Nec illi,*
Quem Diuum Pater atque homi-
num, quem Phœbus
Amabat ante omnes, ſera licuit
gaudere ſenecta.

Nor might he (here) liue to be
old as other,
Whom *Iome* and *Phœbus* ten-
dred as their brother.

Cleobis and *Biton*, when their Mother for their piety in drawing her Chariot to the Temple themſelues, (in the abſence of the Horſes) prayed, that they might be rewarded with the greateſt bleſſing that could poſſibly happen from God to Man; were both found dead next morning in their ſleepe. *Cic. Tuſc. quæſt.*

And when newes hereof

was brought to their Mother, as of a great misfortune: *No* (ſaith ſhe) *I will neuer count my ſelfe vnfortunate, that was the Mother of ſuch Sonnes, as the gods haue guerdon'd with immortality for their pious Act.*

Shall a Pagan Mother, hauing no other light but that of *duske nature*, count it for a *Diuine Fauour*, that her excellent Sonnes haue early quit this life and world; and a Chriſtian Father inlightned with the Raies of the *Sacred Truth breathed from the Holy Ghoſt*, pule, and repine, and looke ſowre vpon Heauen, and God, when in mercy he hath done for *ours*, not what's moſt pleaſing to *vs*, but what's moſt fit and commodious for both? If wee bee truely penitent for our ſinnes, and can perſwade

our

our hearts of our right and intereſt in the blood and merits of *Chriſt Ieſus*, what need we doubt of Gods Fauour?

Hath he not told vs in his Word aſſur'd vs, proou'd, demonſtrated to vs, that he loues vs; yea better then we can loue our ſelues?

Charior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi. Inuen.
Dearer to him is Man,
Then to himſelfe he can.

And will ſuch a Cauſe produce any other then beneficiall, and friendly effects?

Was it not in loue vnſpeakable, that he gaue his own Son to Vs? and can it bee but in like loue, that hee takes our Sonnes and Daughters vnto him?

O thinke of it; and thinke withall, whether ſuch a loue, from Him ſo great, to Vs ſo

baſe, be not worthy re-louing, aboue Sonnes, Daughters, Wiues, Friends, Wealth, Lands, or whatſoeuer elſe the World holds moſt deare?

May we not, hauing this left vs (the loue of God in Chriſt) ſit vs downe as bleſſed Men and Women, with cheerefull hearts and faces, though all things elſe be torne from vs?

This is the miraculous *Philoſophers Stone*, that turnes any Metall it touches, into Gold.

This turnes Croſſes into Comforts, Loſſes into Thrifts, Sorrows into Smiles, Wounds into Medicines, and Death it ſelfe of our ſelues, or ours, into ſuperlatiue Aduantage and Bliſſe.

CONSIDERATION 6.

GOd may intend herein the *Fathers tryall*, as well as the *Childs Benefit*. You your ſelfe haue ſometimes giuen one of your little Ones an Apple, and askt it againe immediately, to try his loue. So God giues vs deare Pledges, and anon requires them from vs againe, to make proofe which wee loue better, our Children or Him. He allowes vs to hold them deare, but Himſelfe muſt bee dearer. *Chara pignora, Charior Deus.*

Was't not inough, that God (who could haue with-held that bleſſing of marriage) gaue you ſuch a Sonne, vnleſſe hee would bargaine with you to

let him liue forty yeeres beyond you? would you rather bee childleſſe, then the Father of ſuch a Sonne, as might outrunne his Father in the race of Death?

If you had a iourney to goe afoote thirty Miles, will you not ſay God'a mercy to him will let you ride a Dozen of it, becauſe he will not ſpare you his Horſe the other Eighteene?

A great Duke or Prince lends you a dainty ſweet Picture, of exquiſite Workmanſhip, to delight your Eyes withall; Will you powte, and ſnuffe, and take on as iniuri'd, when after diuers yeeres vſe, he re-demaunds it from you, to bee placed againe among the Ornaments of his Gallery?

Abte, ſi flentem ſuper aethera

mox

mox rapuiſſet Iupiter.

What could you ſay for your ſelfe; how excuſe ſuch froward bearing, if God ſhould inſtantly ſummon you to make you anſwer before him?

CONSIDERATION 7.

BVt you could haue better brookt any Croſſe, then this. But we may not chooſe our Croſſe, but beare patiently that is laid on vs. Shall wee take vpon vs to curb, or direct, and giue lawes to God?

You deceiue your ſelfe, and lay vp but diſcomfort againſt the euill day, if you thinke no Thorne could pricke, but this. God can quickly make you know,

know, that he is able to ſet a *point*, and *ſting* vpon a Croſſe of wooll.

Exod. He can make a few *Flies* as irkeſome and intolerable, as angry *Botchos* and *Blaynes* all the body ouer. *Darkeneſſe*, which euery night makes familiar to vs, as diſcomfortable and dreadfull, as inceſſant *Haile-ſtormes* mingled with fire, and accompanied with Thunder-ſtrokes able to ſhake the heart of a *Myrmadon*.

That Rod ſhall ſmart, which God will ſet on, though it be but of *Ruſhes*.

A little browne paper ſhot out of an Elder-Gun, is ſcarce felt againſt the hand of a *Child*; The ſame browne paper out of a Muſket, is able to breake the Ribs of a *Giant*.

—*Quid*

—Quid enim mirabile, ſi quis
A Ioue percuſſus, non leue vulnus
habet?

What maruell if one bee in bitterneſſe, the ſtroke falling like a Talent of Lead, and the wound no light one, when the hand of God inflicts it?

I know, loſſe of Children, Men of beſt *Blood* and *Minds*, take moſt to heart: and by the helpe of their ſharpe conceit, encreaſe and ſharpen their affliction: which made that saying ſcape from the Pen of One,
In non ſapiendo iucundiſſima vita. *Sodbo.*
The ſweeteſt life is in not being wiſe. And from anothers,
It's good ſometimes to be a foole. *Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.*

Iners malorum Remedium ignorantia. The more of ignorance, the leſſe of grieuance. It's the downe-right, *ſenſleſſe* Remedy of Euils. For Such a one

one cannot by his diſcourſe aggrauate a Loſſe.

But me thinkes, Wiſdome ſhould reach vs as ſoft a Cuſhion to leane on, as Ignorance can : and Diſcretion forge an Armour of as good proofe againſt Aduerſity, as Folly and Doltiſhneſſe. *Qui meminit quid homo ſit, propter nullum euenientem caſum immodicè triſtabitur.* He that remembers well, what Man is, (the Butt againſt which ſo many ſhafts of diſaſters are aimed euery hand-while) ſhall neuer be immoderately ſadded for any Chance obuerſant to him in this world: hee ſhall be able to ſay with *Iob*, *The thing I feared, is fallen vpon me.*

Iſocrat.

Iob.

If God had ſpared you from this affliction, doe you thinke you ſhould haue beene at reſt from

from euils? Hath God but one Rod? Is his Storehouſe ſo vnfurniſht? Is not the very place wee liue in, a place of toyle, and turmoyle, and bickering, and vexation? And ſhall we thinke to find *Reſt* in that, whoſe compoſition is of *Tumults?*

Nam nemini eſſe prorſus felici, licet. No man but finds a *Pound* of Woe, for a *Dram* of Content. God will not glut vs with Felicities.

His manner is eftſoones to vitiate the comforts hee allowes his Children with ſome vn-expected *Daſh* of ſorrow, leſt they ſhould imagine that true & ſincere Content might be found on Earth.

I haue heard you obſerue a like courſe held with your ſelfe. For, ſpeaking of ſome pro-

proiects of yours for a retired Country life, how much you affected the *ſweetneſſe* and *innocency* thereof, and what *pleaſe* you could giue your ſelfe in it: God (you ſaid) did by one meanes or other ſtill croſſe and defeate your purpoſes, foreſeeing how it might ſteale away your heart from heauen and him, and make you deſire to moare here, and ſet vp your Reſt in the things of this world. This vſe you made of that Croſſe then; doe the like by this now. God hath taken your *Darling* from *You*, leſt he ſhould haue taken your heart from *Him*.

CON-

CONSIDERATION 8.

POnder oft that saying, *Sapit qui non tristatur propter absentia, sed gaudet præsentibus.* He is wise that is not so much sorry for the absent, as ioyous in the present Comforts.

You looke to what you haue lost, but not to what you haue left. As God hath Crosses moe then one: So Hee hath Comforts & Blessings moe than one. And hee hath left you a great many of them, euen *Childrens Children*; When others haue nor *Son*, nor *Daughter* in their inheritance.

Will you, because one is remoued out of your sight, waywardly depriue Your selfe of en-

enioying the *Remainder*, as not worth thankes, now one of the tale is diminiſht?

That were leke little Childrē, if you catch vp one of their Play-games, they preſently caſt away all the reſt in a fume.

If in a vaſt ſuccourles *Champian*, or *Downe*, the furious Wind ſhould ſnatch off your Hat, and hurry it away beyond ouertaking, (ſo much, as with you Eye,) would you ſtraight in a Moode ſtrip off your other Garments to your ſhirt, and dare the Wind to do his worſt with thoſe Parcels alſo? O take heed of ſuch behauiour.

'Tis not ſtouting, and ſtomacke, and pettiſhneſſe, but meekeneſſe, and patience, and humility, makes God *propitious*. What ſhall you get by ſtanding and *knocking your Fiſts* at

at Him, that must be your onely *Comfort* in your *Anguishes*; or you are like to haue none at all, but *scorne* and *derision?*

Set not God to Schoole; appoint him not what to take, what to leaue. He knowes best which *Branch* of the *Vine* to prune off.

Be thankefull for them are reserued to you, and enioy them as from a thrice friendly and gracious hand. Set your loue on them as on another mans *Loane*, which you must restore vpon demaund.

Thinke not that to be your owne, that was but lent you; nor that to bee too soone required againe, which without iniury might haue beene altogether kept from you.

CON-

CONSIDERATION. 9.

O But, he was ſo hopefull, ſo towardly, ſo well diſpos'd, ſuch a Modell of Goodneſſe, &c. I grant you all this. But how know you, he would haue held on ſo, if he had liued longer? How many godly Fathers haue had their hearts broke with the lewdneſſe and ill proofe of their Children? *Tacit.* *Eu'n many Good Princes came ſhort of* Neroes *firſt* 5. *yeeres.*

What Traps doe we ſee ſet daily in the way of Vertue, to trip it, and make it fall?

Occaſions to many ſinnes are preſented, and taken hold of in tract of Time, which once we neuer dreamt of commit-

mitting, or contracting the leaſt acquaintance with them.

He is gone, beginning to reliſh vertue, vntainted of vicious inclinations; his ſoule had not yet dipped in the diſh of voluptuouſneſſe; wickedneſſe had not altred his heart. What hath he loſt by that? By being *Heauenly on Earth*, hee is now made *Glorious in Heauen.*

Sic fuit vtilius finiri ipſiq; tibiq;.

So was't moſt profit to exſpire,
Both to himſelfe, and you (his Sire.)

Beſides; you will ſay, (for paſſion hath no hoe in obiecting) To you, he was ſo vſefull, ſo neceſſary, your finger next the Thumbe, growne fit to aduiſe with, to impart your Counſels to, to make a Friend and Companion of, &c. *Hinc lachry-*

lachryma. This ſmoke alſo makes your eyes runne ouer. But let me tell you,

To bewayle the loſſe of your Child, becauſe hee was neceſſary to you, & you could ill miſſe him, is ſelfe-loue, not the loue of your Child. And to be ſad for the welfare of your Child, being euaded all perils, and highly promoted, and dignified beſides; is the part of an enuious perſon, not of a Father or Kinſman.

Would old *Iacob*, or any true-hearted Friēd or acquaintance of *Ioſephs* be dreſt in melancholy, to heare that the King of *Egypt* had releaſt him out of priſon, and ſent for him to Court, to make him a great Lord, and *Vice-roy* of the Kingdome?

If you had beene told a while

while agon of ſome extraordinary worldly preferment befalne your Sonne, aboue all, that you could thinke or hope for, though in ſome farre remote place, whereby your former familiar Conuerſes muſt be cut off; yet I ſuppoſe, that for his good, you would haue entertain'd the newes with gladneſſe, and laid by your owne particular reſpects:

And now that he is exalted to the very Top and heighth of honour, and that in eternity; now that he is enſtall'd a Prince among Celeſtiall Princes (for not any are leſſe then Kings and Queenes that are admitted thither) will you lowre and be in dumps, as for a matter of ſpeciall diſcomfort, and miſhap?

Will you bee ſorry for his ioy?

ioy? deiected for his aduancement? ſicke of his happineſſe?

Had you rather your Sonne ſhould bee without *Heauen*, then you without your *Sonne*? This is a plaine degree of *Madneſſe*.

Shall wee lament for them that laugh? mourne for them that feaſt and ſing? hurt our health for them that are perfectly whole? Now that hee is dead and buried, nay now that his life is indeed truly *Vitall* and *Liuing*; will you for his ſake goe drowne your ſelfe in your owne teares?

Certè plus animi debet ineſſe viris.
More wiſdome ought to reſt in them,
That weare the onely name of Men.

He hath no ſence of your ſorrowes for him, nor will thanke

thanke you for hurting your ſelfe, by the liberty you giue to the *Rage* of *Nature*.

CONSIDERATION. 10.

GOd hath by death freed him, not onely from the dangers and corruptions of the Age, wherein hee might haue beene ſwallowed, but from the common euils which may fall vpon his Suruiuers, greater perhaps, and neerer then we imagine. *The Condition of the Times is ſo bad, as puniſhments cannot be farre off.*

To be ſet in ſafety before their approaches, whil'ſt the ſtorme is but a thickning, is no ſmall benefit.

Comicus vet. ap. Plutar.

Si tu sciebas illũ, vitæ tempus hoc
Ereptum ei quod est, habiturum prosperum,
Mors eius immatura existimanda erit.
Quid si molesta habuisset multa ac tristia?
Hæc finiens mors, non te benevolentior
Illi fuit?

If you were sure that hee
should haue enioy'd
The life reft from him free,
and vn-annoy'd,
Then you might thinke his
death t'haue hapt too rathe;
But what if now much Ruth
were to ensue,
And troublous stormes, which
Death preuented hath,
Was't not in that, more kinde
to him then You?
If yee lou'd mee (saith our
Lord to his Disciples) *ye would*
verily

verily reioyce, because I goe to the Father; out of this troublesome and euill world.

So if we lou'd our Children, and Friends departed, it would bee a more regular course to expresse it, in gratulating their escape by Death from so manifold hazards and euils of life, and their estating thereby into so ample beatitude and happinesse, then in giuing scope to those *effeminate* plaints, and *distaffe* lamentations.

That which easeth vs of all burdens and cares; Is the end and death of our miseries; The euerlasting farwell to all smart and woes; Preuents our seeing, suffring, and doing of much euill; Cuts the Cords whereby wee are hampered in the world, and hindred to goe to

God; Is the accompliſhment of our ſanctification; our *Porter* to Glory, rendring vs into the Armes and Embrace of our Bridgroome *Chriſt Ieſus*, neuer more to be ſeparated, or diſioyned from him; doth it preſent vs cauſe of *penſiueneſſe* and *mourning*, or of *Iubile* and *reioycing* rather?

Is the tired *Bondman* ſorry for the approach of night, that he may *giue ouer*, and goe to *reſt*? Is the brute *Oxe* grieued to be *vnyoked*? was euer *Mariner* ill apaid, that after long and doubtfull toſſing in a dreadfull high-going *Sea*, hee had recouered the *ſafe* & *quiet Hauen*? Or *baniſhed man*, that hee was call'd home to his *Country* and *Kinred*? Or *Priſoner*, that hee was brought out of a *Dungeon*, into the *liberty* and

and *pleaſures* of a *Palace?* And will you ſtill weare a *Cloudy brow*, and wither away in your *Mournings* for him, that is a ſharer in all theſe *Priuileges* and *Bleſſings?*

CONSIDERATION. II.

ELeuenthly: You remember the ſaying; *Schola crucis, Schola lucis.* The Schoole of Tribulation is the Schoole of Edification. The Græcian Prouerb is like it, παθηματα μαθηματα. Thoſe things that trouble vs, teach vs. You may perhaps learne more out of this Affliction, then proſperity euer could teach you in all your life. This may make you looke into your Conſcience,

examine the ſtate of your ſoule, weepe your owne *Deſerwings*, and iuſtifie God in all his *Doings*; and in this *Particular*, though the waight were doubled & trebled vpon you. Pray that theſe effects may be wrought in you.

Theſe will proue *ſalubres cogitationes, lacryma beata, verni imbres*; holſome Meditations, Teares of Grace, Aprill ſhowres, which will cauſe the flowres of Conſolation to ſpring vp in your heart.

When I loſt the better halfe of my ſelfe, (the *Beſt of Wiues*, ſuch a One, as euen by wiſhing could hardly haue beene exceeded, the Country that bred her, being left poore of ſuch another;) *Pectore concepi nil niſi triſte meo:* You can iudge (for your hand dropt the firſt

Bal-

B*alsome* into my wound) whether there were not cause for my B*reast* to bee full fraught, bursting-ripe, with *Anguish* and *Dolour?*

And how long had the wound beene kept rawe, if I had wilfully insisted here, and sate onely plodding, and showring *Teares* vpon my *Losse?*

But when at length (almost too late) I turn'd away from *Nature*, and *humane Reason*, (ill aduising Friends in this Time and Occasion) to Religion, and considered this Crosse as the *Rod of God* for my many many sinnes; That it was not a *beating vpon the Coates*, but laid on in good earnest, with a prouoked angry hand; That he was constrained to runne this rugged Race with me;

Though my Griefe were not leſſened by this conſideration, yet it began to be turned into a righter Channell.

Recenti Malo, priorum quoq; admonemur. The freſh Euill which I ſuffred, laid freſh before mee former Euils I had done. And where before I grieued for the ſuffring, now my griefe was to haue deſerued ſo to ſuffer.

Here was ſorrow changed into ſorrow; worldly ſorrow for a *Precious*, but Temporall *Loſſe*, into godly Sorrow to Repentance, neuer to bee repented off. *Dolor ipſe iam voluptas erat.* There was now a kinde of pleaſure in theſe *briniſh drops*. Plin.

Now began *Nature* to bee content to wipe her Eyes, and *Reaſon*, that ſuggeſted the va-

lue

lue of ſuch a *Iewell*, to lay her hand vpon her Mouth; and the golden Morne of Comfort to dawne to me.

Now I found it true, That *God will not alway be chiding, nor keepeth his anger for euer.* That his correcting is not to deſtruction, but to ſaue vs from being deſtroyed and condemned with the World. *Hee chaſtens vs, to amend vs, and amends vs, to ſaue vs.* When we ſtoope, he is appeaſed. *Diſcipline goes before, but pardon followes after.* Cypr.

Now I willingly kiſt the Rod, that beat me neerer to Heauen and God; and bleſt the Occaſion, that led mee from ſorrow to ſorrow, that I might arriue at *true* and *ſound* Ioy.

O how good was it for me to be ſo afflicted! Out of the Eater came meate, Pſal. Iudg.

meate, and out of the Strong came ſweetneſſe. According to the meaſure of our ſorrow, ſo is his Conſolation.

Finally, now I ſaw how groſſely paſſion had made my thoughts ouerſhoote before; not onely in wronging her happy ſoule, by ſo often wiſhing her againe in theſe *Elements of ſorrow*, who walkes *arme in arme* with Angels; but euen in charging God fooliſhly, (pardon me, O bleſſed Fountaine of long ſuffring and Goodnes) as ouer-cruell and rigorous to his Creature, (rauiſhing our Comforts from vs, then, when wee had cauſe to hold them cloſeſt to our boſome; delighting, ſporting in our vn-reſiſtable miſeries and ill-turnes;) who indeed of *very faithfulneſſe had cauſed me to be troubled.*

O

O what a *Foole*, a *Franticke*, a *wild prodigious thing is Man* thus transported, till God vouchsafe his finger, to *temper*, and *tune* him right againe!

This End the Lord in his mercy made for Mee; This was the *Method* of my *Cure*, the *Crop* and *Harueſt* of my *ſowing in Teares*; And my *Wiſh* & *Hope* is, that by his *Bleſſing*, Yours may be like.

CONSIDERATION. 12.

TWelfthly. And now, Sir, ſumm vp theſe parcels, & ſee if the foot of the Account declare you not a Gayner.

You haue loſt a Son, whom all that knew, lou'd liuing, and commend dead. One you had bred

bred vp for Heauen; and haue now return'd him to the true Owner, the *Father of Spirits*. Is he not well there? doe you thinke hee would bee better here? would you haue him change his glorious Eternall Mansion, for a ragged, reeling, mudwalld Houell?

Did you not ayme at his being a *Citizen* there, instructing, preparing, fitting him for it? Could you wish a righter Season to be taken thither, then when the Ages viciousnesse, & infections example had dropt least slubber and soyle vpon him?

Are you sorry hee is early there arriued, his Vessell safely landed before you thought he should?

What though (in your esteeme) others were neerer

Land

Land then he? Is it any diſad-uantage to a Merchant, that his Ship ſo farre behind the reſt, while they lye ſtill at Anchor, is flown to ſhore fraught with welcome lading?

Paines haue chas'd his ſoule out of this *Houſe of Earth*: But is not *Abrahams boſome*, where Angels haue lodg'd it, a ioyfull *Receptacle?* Come, waſh your Cheekes, giue no further paſſage nor *indulgence* to your *paſſions*, Eate your bread with gladueſſe: You thought you were hurt, and are benefited rather. *Vina bibe, & lætus veſcere pane tuo.*

He is not cleane gone, but onely gone before. His Mortality is ended, rather then his life. You haue loſt him for a *Time*, God hath found him for *Euer*. *Præmiſſus, non amiſſus.*

Reioyce and bleſſe God, that you

you had ſuch a Son. Had him, did I ſay? You haue him ſtill. Not one Child the fewer haue you for his taking hence.

When God turned the *Captiuity* of *Iob*, the Text ſaith, hee gaue him twice ſo much Subſtance of euery kind, as he had before.

He had 7000. Sheep before, now hee had 14000. Three thouſand Camnels before, now 6000. Fiue Hundred Yoke of Oxen before, now 1000. 500. Shee-Aſſes before, now 1000. of them alſo. Why were not his Children doubled as his other Bleſſings? Hauing Ten Children before, why had he but Ten now? Becauſe thoſe in Heauen were his ſtill.

Gregor.

But oh! How much changed from that themſelues were, or that their Brothers and

and Sisters are in their Fathers Houſe!

Iobs Children on Earth, though the prime Women of the Land for Beauty, would appeare but *Ethiopians*, compared with the radiant gliſtering faces of Them in Glory. Their Feſtiuall Apparell here, though as rich as *Salomons* Royalleſt *Mantles*, would ſeeme no better then *Cannas*, or *Haire-cloth*, being ſet in match with the Robes of Glory, and immortality, bright as the light it ſelfe, of thoſe *Heauen-dwellers*.

And as great Ods is there betweene your Immortall Son, and his Mortall Brethren and Siſters.

You may, when you will, haue him preſent with you in your minde and thought. You may ſee him as he was, *A young*

Plant

Plant in your houſe; You may ſee him as he is; *A bleſſed Soule* in Gods heauenly Palace.

Liue you mindfull of your owne Mortality, and Eternall life; and let your heart leape vp into ioy, that he hath already hit the *White*, whereat others are but leuelling; And weares the *Garland*, for which others are doubtfully wraſtling and contending.

He ſits aloft, and ſmiles at this *Emmet*-hill of Earth, with ſuch a deale of Buſtle and Garboyle, and Vanity, & Foolery, and Miſchiefe, & Wickednes left beneath him; Out of the Gun-ſhotte of Temptation, freed from ſinne, in ſafety from Foes, reſting from labours, exempt from ſighs, and teares, and cares; A Conſort with Angels, and happy Spirits that

ſee

ſee Gods Face, and attend vpon his Throne; laughing euen *Kings*, and all their *painted* Glories and Pleaſures here, to ſcorne.

There you ſhall one day ſee him againe face to face, in that very *Houſe of clay*, which hee laid downe, when hee left the World and You, (though altred in Quality:) And (if that may make to the increaſe of your Bliſſe) I am perſwaded, know, and enioy him, ſee Heauen the richer in your Seed, his ioy augmented and made fuller by yours, and yours by his

Let *Saddnces* deny this, and *Gentiles* deride it; This is the *Hope of Iſrael.*

There you ſhall ſing that *Alleluïa* with him, to him that ſits vpon the Throne, and to Reu.

the

the Lambe, that hath redeemed you from the earth, and made you *Kings* and *Priests* to God his Father; and to the blessed Spirit of Truth, and Comfort, proceeding from them both; the All-glorious, Ineffable, Eternall Trinity; To whom in the meane time, let vs in earth with them in Heauen, (knees, faces, and hearts bending to the dust before Him.) render all Praise, Power, Maiesty, and Dominion for euermore, *Amen.*

Soli Deo Trin-vni Gloria.

Filius

FILIVS AD PARENTES.

Viuo, fruor tandem veris (ne flete Parentes)
Delicijs, Cœlo, Posteritate, Deo.

Deare Parents weepe not, I liue, and haue abode
In Bliſſe; enioying Heauen, posterity, and God.

Ex Epitaphio eiusdem nobilis Iuuenis Germani, qui in Anglia inter peregrinandum occubuit, & in Ecclesia Sancti Olaui, Londini, in Fratribus Crucigeris sepultus iacet.

FINIS.